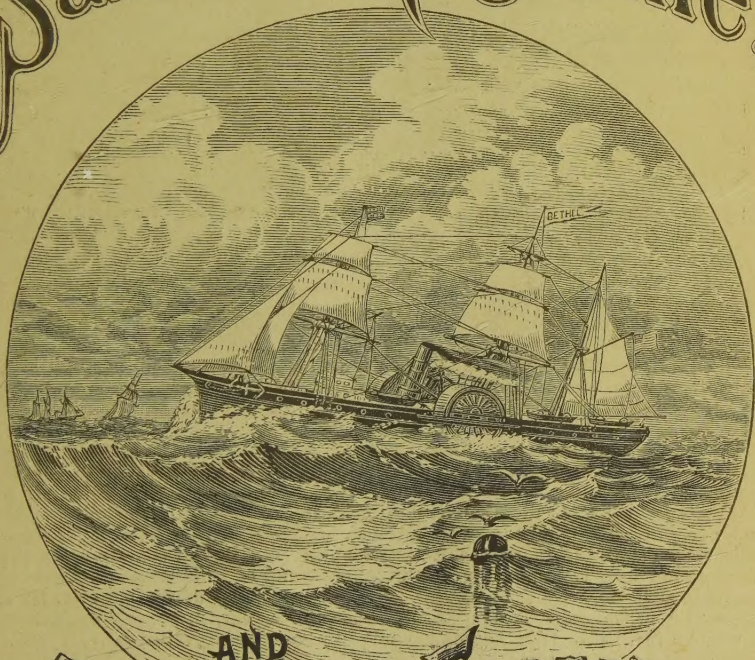


Whole No.  
564

AUGUST, 1875.

Vol. XLVII  
No. 8.

THE  
Sailors' Magazine,



AND  
SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,  
80 Wall Street, New York.

Terms: ONE DOLLAR per Annum, IN ADVANCE.



TUTTLE & CO.

# CONTENTS

MAGAZINE.	PAGE	MAGAZINE.	PAGE
The North Pole.....	233	Denmark.....	257
Fog Signals at Sea.....	239	Belgium.....	257
A Savant's Career.....	241	Havre, France.....	258
What a Woman Did.....	242	Genoa, Italy.....	258
A Disabled Vessel Navigated by a Wo- man.....	244	Japan.....	258
Can Fishes Hear?.....	244	Hono'lulu, S. I.....	258
A Legend of Martha's Vineyard.....	245	Temperance Among Seamen.....	259
One Soul.....	246	Sailors' Home, New York.....	259
The Old Fisherman's Story.....	248	Position of the Planets, August, 1875....	259
Christ in the Cabin.....	249	Disasters in June, 1875.....	259
A Christian's Signal at Masthead.....	250	Receipts for June, 1875.....	260
Give me another Star.....	251		
Handling Edge Tools.....	252	<b>LIFE BOAT.</b>	
The Seamen's Missionary Society.....	253	Library Reports.....	261
Comfort.....	254	How Quarrels Begin.....	263
Are You a Helper?.....	255	The Good Ship "Never-Fail,".....	264
Filling our Sphere.....	255	The Lord God a Shield.....	264
Correspondence, Reports, &c.....	256	Didn't Like the Wages.....	264
Sweden.....	256	The Serenity of Christian Faith.....	264

## THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly pamphlet of thirty-two pages, will contain the proceedings of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies, in behalf of Seamen. It will aim to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, commending it earnestly to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of all Christian people.

It is designed also to furnish interesting reading matter for Seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to Mariners, memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., will be given. It will contain correspondence and articles from our Foreign Chaplains, and of Chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical. To single subscribers \$1 a year, invariably in advance. It will be furnished Life Directors and Life Members gratuitously, *upon an annual request for the same.*

## THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Is also issued as an eight page monthly tract adapted to Seamen, and gratuitously distributed among them. It is furnished Auxiliary Societies for this use, at the rate of one dollar per hundred.

## THE LIFE BOAT.

This little sheet, published monthly, will contain brief anecdotes, incidents, and facts relating to Sea Libraries.

Any Sabbath-School that will send us \$20, for a loan library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with the postage prepaid by the Society

In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or a Post Office Money Order, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money *but always in a REGISTERED letter.* The registration fee has been reduced to *fifteen cents*, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. *All* Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.



# THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.



Vol. 47.

AUGUST, 1875.

No. 8.

## THE NORTH POLE.

DEPARTURE OF THE BRITISH EXPLORING EXPEDITION FOR THE ARCTIC REGION.—THE MOST COMPLETE EXPEDITION EVER ORGANIZED.

There sailed from the harbor of Portsmouth, England, the 29th of May, 1875, two staunch ships manned by brave officers and crews, whose journeyings will be watched with interest by the civilized world, and the result of whose cruise will be of value to geographers, scientists, and commerce.—These vessels were the *Alert* and the *Discovery*, fitted out by the British Government for a voyage of exploration to the North Pole. To defray the expense of the expedition Parliament voted the sum of £98,620, and the naval minister has given notice that in all probability another appropriation of £50,000 will be required.

This expedition started with advantages of every kind which have not fallen to the lot of any previous Arctic voyagers. In the first place it will have the inestimable advantage of experience. It will be able, by anticipation, to provide for many and indeed all the difficulties which have been encountered by the long list of its British and American predecessors,

from Sir John Ross in the *Enterprise* to Capt. Hall in the *Polaris*. The British Government has undertaken the task with no sparing hand. Everything in any way useful that past experience or foresight can suggest has been carried out in the arrangement and equipment of the ships. In the selection of the commanding officer of the expedition, Capt. Nares, the Government has secured the services of a man of great scientific attainments as well as no mean amount of previous Arctic experience. It has been shown (so at least the best informed geographers contend) that the only route by which

### THE POLE IS TO BE REACHED.

is that by way of Baffin's bay and Smith's sound. The alternative route by Behring's straits and through the Spitzbergen seas, which has but few friends, presents, it is alleged, many difficulties, and gives no compensating advantage. The former route has consequently

been chosen, and the expedition will follow the track of Davis and of Baffin, and later still, of Dr. Kane and Capt. Hall, and keep as near as possible to the coast line. The expedition will move northward, leaving at its base the Danish settlements in Greenland, which are accessible six months in the year. It will then follow the coast of Greenland as it is known to exist from the 60th, up to beyond the 80th parallel of latitude. Here, or further north, should it be found convenient, the *Alert*, the principal ship, will be left to answer the double purpose of an intermediate depot, or a rallying point in case of need, and the *Discovery* will proceed as far north as she can go on the important part of the expedition, which, as her name implies, is assigned to her. The remainder of the journey will have to be performed on sledges and on foot. This arrangement of the ships is extremely advantageous. The position of the *Alert* will provide a place of assured safety, within about 550 miles of the pole itself; and even in case of any mischance to the *Discovery*, past experience amply shows that that distance can be covered by sledge traveling with comparative ease. In addition to these precautions it is proposed to send a third ship the *Valorous*, a steam frigate, to accompany the expedition ships as far as Disco Island, and there to fill up the gap that will be made in the stores, in the voyage from Portsmouth to that point.

#### THE OFFICERS.

The expedition, as before stated, will be under the command of Capt. George S. Nares, who was called home from Hong Kong, where he was on board of the *Challenger* on her voyage of scientific discovery. Capt. Nares has

had previous Arctic experience. He was a mate on board the *Resolute*, under Capt. Killett, in 1852-4, and while out with that expedition distinguished himself more particularly by expeditious sledge traveling and a wonderful faculty for amusing and instructing the crews. Whether in a theatrical performance or in a lecture on the laws of mechanics, or indeed any branch of physical science, Capt. Nares was equally at home. In the autumn of 1852 he traveled over 184 miles in 25 days. In the spring of the following year, as auxiliary to Lieut. Meham, he traveled over 665 miles in 69 days, and in 1854 he started in the intense cold of that March and realized the distance of 586 miles in 56 days. He is the author of a valuable work on seamanship, and was engaged in surveying the Gulf of Suez on board the *Shearwater*. The second officer in command is Albert H. Markham, known best, perhaps, by his popular work, "A Whaling Voyage in Baffin's Bay." At the time of his appointment to this expedition he was serving on board the *Sultan*, in the Channel fleet, to which post he was appointed after his voyage to Baffin's Bay and Prince Regent's inlet, which is the subject of the work above mentioned. Commander Markham, who entered the navy in 1856, served for eight years in the China seas, and finally got a promotion for his gallant conduct in the capture of a piratical junk.

Capt. Stephenson, who has been placed in command of the *Discovery*, though less widely known than those above named, is equally conversant with the duties which will be required of him as commander of one of the vessels.—Capt. Stephenson has less to do with the expedition proper than either of the above officers, but



will probably take command of the depot which will be left behind when the expedition will start for the pole.

#### THE CREWS

are in both cases volunteer crews. In fact, the difficulty was not so much to get the men as to make a selection from the host presented. Certain standards were required in age, height, character, temperament, and constitution, and these were supplemented by an extremely rigorous medical examination. It is at the same time a singular fact that, with the exception of Capt. Nares, and Commander Markham, only six others have ever been in the Arctic regions. The crew of the *Alert* will consist of the captain, the commander, the chaplain, four lieutenants, one sub-lieutenant, two surgeons, one assistant paymaster, one naturalist, two engineers, petty officers, able seamen, one sergeant, six marines, four stokers, and two dog-drivers. The latter will not be shipped till the vessel arrives at Disco. The complement of the *Discovery* will be smaller by only three—a commander and two seamen. The ice quartermasters are six experienced whalers, all of whom, before joining, were members of the naval reserve.

The ships' companies were originally made up without a chaplain, and in the House of Commons, Mr. Hunt, in reply to a question, stated that, though they deeply regretted it, the admiralty would be unable to find room for a chaplain, every inch of available space being filled. This decision, however, was not adhered to; a few days afterward a chaplain was added to each ship, and the appointment of the assistant paymaster canceled. The paymasters, however, will certainly proceed as

far as Disco, and it is doubtful if room will not somehow or other be found for them to continue with their comrades as originally intended. One of the chaplains appointed, the Rev. Mr. Pullen, is well known to Americans as the author of the caricature, "The Row in Dame Europa's School," which appeared a short time ago. The other chaplain is the Rev. C. E. Hodson, A. M., one of the naval chaplains.

The all-important task of the selection of

#### THE SHIPS

and the general direction of their equipment was intrusted to those veteran Arctic navigators Sir Leopold McClintock, Admiral Sherard Osborn (since deceased), and Capt. Young. The former part of the work—the selection of the ships—was attended with some difficulty. In the days of iron-clads and turret ships the navy was not likely to permit of a very large selection of vessels suitable for this task. Many vessels were examined both of the navy and of the whaling fleets, which sail from Dundee. At length the choice fell upon H. M. S. *Alert*, and the purchase was advised of a vessel till then known as the *Bloodhound*, and forming one of the whaling fleet of Messrs. Alexander Stephens & Co., of Dundee. This is the vessel now called the *Discovery*, which will play the most important part in the expedition. The cost was £22,775. She is a first class vessel, 160 feet long, 29 feet beam, 18 feet depth of hold, having a builder's tonnage of 668, and a gross tonnage of 556. Having been originally built for Arctic navigation, she is necessarily of great strength. Yet the British Government has had her completely overhauled, and her already good points increased in

strength. She was originally constructed with great solidity forward. Her bows contain great thickness of solid wood, protected with crosspieces of iron bark wood, which in its turn is protected again with an iron sheeting five-eighths of an inch in thickness. The vessel is built of five-inch oak planks, and her sides are protected by diagonal beams of oak of a foot square. She has three skins of oak, each five inches in thickness. Two tiers of beams inside, one on the upper and one on the lower deck, held together with iron girders, serve as ties to the whole of this immensely strong work.

The *Alert* was originally a sloop attached to the steam reserve of the British navy at Devonport, and although not built expressly for navigation in Polar regions, it has been found that she can be very easily adapted to the purpose.—Nearly the same course has been pursued in her fitting out as with the *Discovery*, though it was not considered requisite to give her such immense power of resistance. Still she has been strengthened in every part and braced together with iron and oak beams. Both ships are fitted with steam power and are worked with screw propellers of suitable size and strength. It has also been arranged that the screw can be removed and hauled up, and the shafts drawn in when the ships are housed. In addition, the screws and shaftings are in duplicate on each ship, and more than one spare rudder is carried by each ship. The rigging of both is so made as to be applicable to either ship, and it is almost needless to say that as many spare spars and lines as can be conveniently stored will be carried. Each vessel is divided into five water-tight compartments, with pumps in each, to be worked by the engines, and each

vessel carries nine boats. This is no doubt an unusually large number for vessels of their size, but the reason is obvious. Each boat is so constructed as to be specially prepared to meet the contingencies to which it will be exposed. The boats are a yawl twenty-five feet in length, three whalers of the same length, one twenty foot cutter, three ice boats, and a jolly boat.

#### THE INTERNAL FITTINGS OF THE SHIPS

are admirable, and the convenience of the officers and crew, as well as their comfort, has been in every way studied to the utmost extent. It is hardly possible that they should have very large quarters, and indeed it is not necessary. The crew of the *Alert*, officers and men, will be 62, and of the *Discovery*, 59. To stow this number and the stores which they will consume in two years in ships of such comparatively limited capacity may readily be imagined to be a task that requires at least careful performance. The wardroom of each ship, though not spacious, is snug and comfortable, and of sufficient capacity for its purposes. Opening from this are the cabins of the various officers, of sizes varying from about 7 by 5 feet to 6 feet by 4. Forward of the wardroom and the engines are the lower deck and quarters of the crew, at present, of course, somewhat confined, yet containing something above the allowance of cubic space which the British navy gives to each man. The crews will have the satisfaction of knowing that as the consumption of provisions goes on, the bulkheads, behind which they are now secured, can be removed and the space gained thrown into their quarters. The provision made to keep out the cold and keep in the heat is as perfect as experience



can dictate. The quarters of both officers and men are coated with felt and thick woolen cloth, and all iron or metal fittings of the ship have a coating of leather. On deck each hatchway is surmounted by a hood, technically known as "booby hatches," so that the way below will be through two doors, enabling one to be closed before another is opened. When the ships are laid up for the winter, a spacious deck-house will be formed covering the hatches and having but one door, and that at the furthest possible point from any of the companion-ways. The arrangement for stowing the boats above decks on the outward voyage is excellent.

#### THE SHIP STORES.

The stores with which the ships are supplied—sledges, ice saws, tents, clothing, blasting tools, fuel, and food—are as abundant in quantity as circumstances will allow, and have been chosen and made under the direction, principally, of Sir Leopold McClintock and Capt. Nares himself. Of these stores it is difficult to say which is the most important; but those upon which the greatest care has been bestowed, and which possess most novelty, are the sledges and clothing. Of the former of these there is a very large number of various sizes, and constructed for different purposes. All have been made under the direct supervision of Sir Leopold McClintock, who, perhaps, of all men now living, is the most competent to advise upon such matters. All these sledges are constructed on the lines of the model made by Joe Organ, Admiral Sherard Osborn's old coxswain. This model is still to be seen in the British Museum in London. The sledges are classed as follows: four large size or twelve-

man sledges, eleven second size or eight-man sledges, and eleven small size or five-man sledges; two large and two small size boat or luggage sledges, four small satellites or dog sledges, and a couple of newly-designed "bridge and ladder sledges." These last are very ingenious appliances to answer the double, or indeed the triple purposes of sledges, ladders, or bridges. In the form of sledges they are 16 feet long, 10 feet wide, and 27 inches deep and have a carrying capacity of three tons. They also provide safely constructed bridges, if such should be needed, or ladders for scaling otherwise inaccessible places. They are made of American elm, a wood that best gives the required qualities of toughness and lightness, and are so constructed as not to have any nails, bolts or screws about them except those necessary for securing the steel shoeing to the runners. It has been found that any iron bolts, screws or nails become treacherous in the Artic climate. The intense cold causes them to snap, and when they are used for securing the wooden framework together the effect of such an occurrence is of course disastrous. The joints are made and secured with pieces of raw hide, and are put together when hot, so that, when the hide cools, it congeals and forms a joint as secure as any that could ever be made by the most skillful carpenter, or fastened by the strongest bolts. This method of construction is copied directly from the Esquimaux themselves, and has been found by long experience to be the best that could be desired. All the larger sledges are of course drawn by men. The drag-rope is fixed in the centre of the sledge, and attached to it are the various ropes with collars of horse-girth,

according to the number of men required. Sailing gear is also applied to some of these sledges.

The tents are not unlike other tents. They are made of canvas in three sizes, with a double thickness of canvas at the bottom, and will accommodate five, eight, or a dozen men, including an officer. Generally the officer lies on the side furthest from the door, and the other men lie with their heads toward the outside and their heels toward the centre, with the cook for the next day nearest the door. This arrangement is found most convenient, as the cook has of course, to be first about in order to prepare the breakfast for his comrades. This duty is generally taken by all the men in rotation; but the man who comes off duty last has the privilege of the warmest berth for the next night—that nearest the officer.

#### THE SLEEPING COSTUME

is peculiar, but very appropriate. Next the ice an india-rubber sheet is to be placed. This is to be covered with thick, soft felting, and on this the men will lie, not, however in their ordinary day costume. Their night-dresses are not indeed very prepossessing, yet they are extremely comfortable. They consist of a suit or bag of duffle, into which the men place themselves before lying down,—undressing of course being out of the question. They shut themselves within these thick flannel bags, and cover themselves with another flannel blanket or covering.

#### THE COOKING APPARATUS

is an extremely compact and ingenious contrivance, and one of these will be allotted to each sledge. Like a large sized can in shape, it contains simply a kettle and a stewpan, and the heat is gained from a

lamp which will burn stearin of cocoanut. Each sledge will carry provision sufficient to last five men for seven weeks, and, as 40 days are supposed to be the extreme limit of the time it will be necessary for them to be away from their ships, it would seem they are by no means likely to die of famine. The ordinary articles of clothing hardly need description. The materials used are for the most part seal skins, fearnought, and box cloth, and these are worked up into the many warps that are required for even ordinary wear in the Arctic regions.

#### THE PROVISIONS.

When it is stated that the *Alert* will carry 540 tons, and her consort 440 tons of provisions, some idea will be formed of the great responsibility involved in the selection and packing of the food which will be required for the expedition. It would thus appear that nearly 1000 tons of food have been provided for 121 men. It is true some dogs will have to be taken into consideration, but these will not be shipped till the shores of Greenland are reached, and for the most part they will doubtless find their own food. The provisions consist of a large quantity of flour of two qualities—one for immediate, and one for subsequent use. The *Alert* will carry 5 tons of spirits of wine for cooking purposes, 10 tons of bread, 85 tons of beef, pork, bacon, coffee, sugar, flour, and preserved meats, as well as a good reserve of clothing materials. All the meat, save that which is salted, is preserved in tins of two sizes, six and four pounds, respectively, and will comprise roast and boiled beef and mutton, rump steak, ox cheek, bacon, oysters, and French haddock. Pickles and preserved fruit in great variety,



and in equal quantities will also be taken. A novel compound, known as pemmican, which will be extensively used on the sledge journey, has been packed in large quantities. It is a combination of flour and meal, made in something after the same fashion as a dog biscuit, and will doubtless prove of great use. Allowances of wine and spirits are provided; and it is a circumstance worthy of record that when the crews were gathered together after the ships were put in commission, and asked if they had any particular request as to the provisions, every man made a request for extra supplies of tea and grog—that is something beyond the ordinary allowance in the navy. A careful calculation of the quantity stored and of the probable consumption of the wine for the officers, shows, says a writer in one of the London papers, “that their stores will be so reprehensibly copious as to allow of a glass and a half of wine and a half a glass spirits daily to each officer for the space of two years.”

Extensive provision has been made for amusement and for pastime during the many long, spare days and nights they will have to pass in those remote and dreary regions. Each ship will carry a library of 500 volumes provided by the admiralty, and containing a large supply of volumes upon Arctic travel and discovery. There are said to be several very good singers in the lower deck, one of the crew having recently gained a prize in a music hall in Portsmouth for his vocal powers. The histrionic powers of Capt. Nares himself are known by repute in previous Arctic voyages, while among his officers are several who can and will play with him. With this end in view, a complete assortment of theatrical paraphernalia is carried with each ship, as well as several musical instruments. There is no reason why they should not pass the time pleasantly, and cause the long evenings between decks to be looked forward to with pleasure rather than dread.

---

### FOG-SIGNALS AT SEA.

The history of the principal ocean disasters of late years shows that adequate provision has not yet been made against the greatest danger of the sea. It is fog, rather than fire or storm, that is most dreaded in mid-ocean and off the coast. The wreck of the *Schiller* is one of the large number of instances in which hundreds of lives have been lost by running on rocky shores in a fog. Of the dreadful collisions at sea, where one or both ships have gone down with nearly all on board, we have some memorable examples; and if we could know the story of missing steamers and sailing vessels, we should probably have a longer list of such dis-

asters. It is estimated that eight or ten steam-ships, plying between this country and Europe, daily cross the Banks of Newfoundland. That part of the Atlantic is liable to fogs during many months in the year, and is dotted with numerous fishing craft. How many of these little vessels, reported “missing,” are run down in the darkness and nobody can tell. Considering that sailing-vessels have no night-signals more efficient than a set of oil-lamps, the wonder is that collisions are not more frequent. The Cunard line of steamers is run in what is called an ocean lane, so far south of the banks as to be clear of icebergs, fogs, and fishermen. By

taking a certain line in going, and another in returning, an ocean highway is established, and some of the dangers of the sea are avoided. But fog is liable to be met anywhere on the ocean, and, as steamers drive through it as rapidly as possible, it must remain a great peril. Experience proves that the danger is not lessened by passing through a fog at a low rate of speed. The time of exposure is increased, and the chances of collision are multiplied. Moreover, as a speaker in the late Social Science Congress very pointedly suggested, what would become of mail contracts and passengers, if steamers crept slowly through the four hundred or more miles of fog which may be met on the Atlantic?

Approaching a rock-bound coast in thick weather is so dangerous that experienced voyagers always share the anxiety of the officers. The frightful borders of the coasts of the British Isles, the ragged line of Lower and Upper California, Oregon and British Columbia, as well as the dangerous shores of our North Atlantic States and the British Provinces, are all covered with gloomy memories of ships cast on the rocks and reefs in fogs and thick weather. The temptation to rush on a little while longer, hoping for a lift in the fog before danger strikes, is very great. This is particularly true of the Transatlantic lines. Competition is brisk. Travelers demand the swiftest ships, the shortest possible passages. To all intents and purposes, each passenger steamer runs a race with some other ship; and no words can express the average passenger's disgust with a ship that brings him in a few hours later than he might have arrived by some other line. When a fog prevails off the coast of Great Britain or this continent, for days at a time,

as it often does, ship-masters coming on the coast must navigate by dead reckoning, always a hazardous undertaking. Nearly all the data for their calculations are guessed at. What effect the drift of the currents may have on the ship's position cannot be told. And when the vessel is once off her course, she is practically in an unknown sea. It was said that the *Schiller* was only half a mile out of her course when she struck; but that half a mile was as fatal as twenty miles, for it brought the ill-fated steamer crashing on to the Scilly Isles. It is said of the *Schiller*, as it was of the *Atlantic*, that she might have been saved if the speed had been lessened and the lead used. Perhaps so; the speed is seldom slackened, and the lead is little used. It is always the same. When the ship is gone, and the passengers are swallowed in the sea, it is easy to say that the collision might have been averted, the rocks avoided, and precious life saved, if something had been done. That terrible "if" always comes too late. That "something" never is done.

So long as people will rush to the ships that study chiefly the best "record" for speed, science and skill, though heavily drawn upon, are not able to insure their safety. The strength of steel, oak, and iron is of no avail when a ship is driven headlong upon the rocks of the Scillies or Nova Scotia. Collisions would be far less frequent if a better system were adopted in the management of lights and signals of danger on ships. In most instances, the fog-whistle of a steamer is abaft the fore-sail, and forward of the smoke-stack. The "sound-shadows," as they are called, cover precisely the directions into which the warning should be sent. It is possible, most probable, indeed, that some of the later in-



ventions of science and steam trumpets would be much more efficient danger-signals than the ordinary steam-whistle now in use. Then, instead of the comparatively weak light employed on ship-board, a more powerful means of illumination is certainly needed. Major ELLIOTT, Engineer-Secretary of the United States Light-house Board, favors the consideration of the magneto-electric light for sea-going steamers, since the means of operating them are always at hand. Great improvements have been made in the methods of coast lights, but much more remains to be done. It is said that fog will so quench the rays of any light, that it may be wholly ineffective in the very spot where it was designed to be a warning. The *Schiller* struck on a rock within the natural limit of two or three lights; none were visible until too late to save the ship. Major ELLIOTT, in his report of his inspec-

tion of foreign light-houses, testifies to the superiority of the gas electric light over all others in fog and thick weather. Most of these lights are not readily capable of being increased in power when an exigency requires; but the electric light, as well as some combinations of gas-burners, may be multiplied many times if thick weather makes it needful.

We hope that this subject of fog-signals for ship and shore will receive the careful attention of our own and other Governments.—Meantime, it is clear that only a great change in public demands can work a change in the tactics of the sea. The people who cross the ocean demand speed before all other things. They get it at great risk. When travelers are willing to submit to the delay and discomfort of a few hours or days at sea, for the sake of insuring safety, ocean disasters will occur less frequently.—*N. Y. Times*.

---

### A SAVANT'S CAREER.

The career of Dr. Schliemann, the excavator of Troy, is one which is possible perhaps to a German alone. Though his father seems to have encouraged in him a love for the deeds of Grecian heroes, he did not shrink from apprenticing him to a business which might have developed a German Dickens.

"In the small shop," he tells us, "where I was employed for five years and a half, my occupation consisted in retailing herrings, butter, brandy, milk and salt, grinding potatoes for the still, sweeping the shop. etc. I only came into contact with the lower class of society." Into this shop reeled a n'er-do-weel ex-student, who, like Porson, poured deep libations to the Muses; and our poor

shop-boy spent his few pence on brandy to purchase a thrice-repeated recital of some of Homer's verses, sweet sounding though as yet unintelligible. "From that moment," he adds, "I never ceased to pray God that I might yet have the happiness to learn Greek." The shop-boy was released from his drudgery by what to some would have brought despair. In lifting a cask he received such internal injuries as to be rendered unfit for work. Starting, at last, as a cabin-boy he was wrecked, and finding himself at Amsterdam feigned illness, for the purpose of getting into the hospital. Thence he was rescued by a friend, who procured him a situation at Hamburg. Of his salary, amounting to

£32, half was spent, upon study, First came writing; English, which he took to next, he learned so thoroughly in six months that in a letter we lately saw there was no point of style or idiom that could betray its foreign source. But Germany certainly is the land for students. Who, in an English commercial centre, would venture on this course of study? "I never went on my errands, even in the rain, without having my books in my hand and learning something by heart; and I never waited in the post-office without reading." What would be thought of such a lad in Lombard street?

Another half-year sufficed for acquiring French, after which "study of Dutch Spanish Italian and Portuguese appeared very easy." It took him but six weeks to write and speak each of these languages fluently. We next find Schliemann, in Amsterdam, receiving a higher salary, and learning Russian by himself, as no one in the city knew a word of it. Thinking he would

make more progress if he could recite his Russian to some one, he hired a poor Jew to listen to his unknown tongue. The other lodgers, not wishing to study Russian, complained to the landlord, and twice drove the student from his lodgings.

In 1847 he established himself as a merchant at St. Petersburg, where some years were spent in acquiring a moderate fortune. During this period, however, he managed to master Swedish and Polish. In 1856, using modern Greek as a stepping-stone, he applied himself to the language of Homer, and devoted two years to Grecian literature. Arabic was picked up during a journey in Egypt. Ten years of travel, extending from Sweden to Nubia, from Paris to Japan, were wound up by a visit to the Troad.

On the 11th of October, 1871, we find the Doctor fairly at work on the supposed site of Troy, assisted by his wife, a genuine daughter of Athens, "who knows almost the whole of the 'Iliad' by heart."

---

### WHAT A WOMAN DID.

When I first came to New York, at the age of twelve years, to seek my fortune, I can call myself a precocious chap without danger of being accused of an unusual degree of self-appreciation. I was quick to learn everything, the bad as well as the good. My employer used profane language. I picked up the oaths he dropped with a naturalness that surprised even myself. The boys in the office all chewed tobacco. This was a little the hardest job I ever attempted, but after two weeks of nausea and indescribable stomach-wrenchings, I came off victorious, and could get away with my paper a day with the best of them.

One afternoon I was sent with a

note from my employer to a house in the upper part of the city. I hadn't anything to read, but I had plenty of tobacco, and with that I proposed to entertain myself during the two or three hours I must spend in the passage. For some distance I did not notice who were beside me, but by-and-by a lady said very softly and pleasantly: "Would you please, little boy, be more careful? I am going to a party this afternoon, and I should not like to have my dress spoiled."

I looked into her face. It was the sweetest face I ever saw, pale, earnest, and loving. To my boyish heart it was the countenance of an angel.

There was very little that I could



say. I managed to dispose of the tobacco, however, and wiped my mouth very carefully, all of which I felt certain she saw and mentally commented upon.

"Have you a mother, little boy?" she next asked in the same voice.

"No, ma'am," I answered, and I felt my throat filling up, and I knew I must swallow very fast to keep from sobbing.

"You have a father, then, I suppose?" she kept on.

"No ma'am, no father."

"Brothers and sisters?"

"Neither ma'am."

"Then the little boy is all alone in the world?"

"Alone, ma'am."

"How long has your mother been dead?" and the dear woman looked away from my face, and waited until I could speak.

"Two years," I answered.

"And you loved her?" came next.

"Dearly," was all I could say.

She was silent a moment, and then said, so sweetly—oh, I shall never forget it:

"And what do you think your dear mother would say—how do you think she would feel—to know that her little boy was guilty of such a disgusting habit as this?" pointing to my cheek, where the tell-tale quid had vainly tried to stand its ground. "I must leave now," she continued, "but here is my card, and if you come to me almost any evening I shall be glad to see you, and perhaps we can be of service to each other."

She gave me her little gloved hand, and to my dying day I shall never forget the sensation of that moment. I could not bear to part with her; without her I felt that I could do nothing; with her, I could grow to a man's estate—a man in the true sense of the word. From

that moment tobacco never passed my lips.

As soon as I could summon courage I called upon that lady. Well do I remember how my heart beat as I waited in the elegant parlor for her to come down; and how awkward I felt as I followed my guide to her private sitting-room. Here she got at every point of my life, and before I bade her good-by it was arranged that I should spend two evenings of each week at her house, and study on these occasions just what she thought best. No lover ever looked forward to meeting with the mistress of his heart any more ardently than I did to these meetings with my friend.

I grew careful of my personal appearance, careful of my conversation, and strove in every way to be worthy of this noble friendship. Two years passed in this delightful manner—two years that made me. My friend not only attended to my studies, striving also all the while to sow the right kind of spiritual seed, but she procured me a situation with a particular friend of hers, where I remain to this day. Nobody but God knows what I owe this woman. During the last three months of those two years I noticed that she grew constantly pale and thin; she never was betrayed into speaking of herself. Sometimes when I would ask her if she felt worse than usual, she would reply:

"Oh, no! I am only a little tired—that is all."

One evening she kept me by her sofa much longer than her custom, while she arranged lessons and laid out work enough, it seemed to me, for months.

"Why so much to-night?" I inquired, conscious that my heart ached, and vaguely suspecting the cause.

"Because, dear," she answered,

"I do not want you to come for the next week, and I am anxious that you should have sufficient work to anticipate, as well as to keep you busy. I think I can trust you to be a good boy, John?"

"I think you can ma'am," I answered, almost sobbing.

"If I should see your mother, my boy, before long, what shall I say to her for you?"

Then I knew all, and my grief knew no bounds. It is no use to go on. She died two days after; and when I hear folks saying, "There's a woman at the bottom of it," I feel like telling the whole world what a woman did for me.—*American Citizen.*

### A Disabled Vessel Navigated by a Woman.

A vessel which recently arrived at this port brought the intelligence that the bark *Rebecca Crowell*, which left New York on March 6th, for Buenos Ayres, became disabled during a severe gale, three days after leaving here. Several of the spars and sails were carried away, and the captain and first mate were injured to such an extent that they were confined to their berths throughout the rest of the voyage, and rendered incapable of managing the vessel. There was no other person on board except the captain's wife, who understood navigation, and she undertook the task of conducting the bark to its point of destination. The second mate was a young man twenty years old, able to take the helm, but ignorant of the process of making observations.

The woman then assumed the command of the vessel, boxed the compass, took observations, ascertained the latitude and longitude, maintained her place upon the

bridge, and directed the course of the vessel. After exercising control for fifty-eight days, during which the vessel encountered violent gales and shipped heavy seas, the captain's wife, worn out and exhausted with her labors, conducted the vessel, with its valuable cargo, safely into the port of Buenos Ayres. A purse was made up for her on her arrival.

---

### Can Fishes Hear?

Learned people have disputed over this question for a long time, but Mr. Seth Green, who knows a great deal about fishes, and has spent much time in studying their habits, thinks they cannot hear. He once asked a band of music to range themselves around a tank of fish, and at a given signal to blow their loudest blast. This they did, but not a fish stirred. They are, however, very sensitive to jars, and a slight tap on the bottom of one of the tanks made every fish dart off like a flash.

And now we hear about musical fish, fish actually singing. Not the mermaids nor the sirens that the old myths tell about, whose song was so sweet that they lured people to destruction, but perhaps the very fact upon which those myths were founded. In the island of Ceylon there is a lake inhabited by these musical fish, the song, if it can be called a song, not being one sustained note like a bird's—but a multitude of tiny, soft, sweet sounds, each clear and distinct in itself, something like the vibrations of a wine-glass when its rim is rubbed by a moistened finger.

In the harbor of Bombay another species of fish produces a sound like an Æolian harp. Some fish make a grunting, or grating, or humming noise, but some make very sweet sounds. Fifty-two species out of the three thousand that are known are said to produce sounds of some kind.—*Advance.*



## A LEGEND OF MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

BY E. T. CORBETT.

[THE following tells, in verse, a true story of heroism, especially appropriate in these centennial times, when we are all reading American history.]

Once rambling through the quaint old town,  
I found some records musty,  
And traced a half-forgotten tale  
On pages dim and dusty.

The simple story touched my heart,  
Its loyal pulses swelling,  
And lingered in my thoughts until  
I felt it worth the telling.

'Twas in those dark and troubled days  
When, future good discerning,  
Our fathers bore the rebel brand,  
A servile safety spurning.

The people of this little isle  
Were staunch as they were steady,  
Theirs was the patriot's fearless trust,  
And courage always ready.

But times as yet were sad and dark,  
A night uncheered by morning,  
And British strength its triumphs won,  
Their best endeavors scorning.

One wintry day an English ship,  
By stress of tempest driven,  
Sought shelter there, a sorry sight,  
Her towering main-mast riven.

Shoreward the captain turned his gaze,  
Perplexed—well-nigh despairing—  
And saw a flag-staff on the green,  
The stars and stripes upbearing,

A smile replaced his thoughtful frown:  
"Ho, lads! yon stick we'll borrow;  
That Yankee pole shall serve King GEORGE  
Before this time to-morrow!"

Later he stood upon the green,  
And, careless of resistance,  
The townsfolk heard him broach his plans  
With insolent insistence.

Foremost among the little crowd  
That grew and gathered near him  
Three school girls stood, with flashing eyes  
And crimson cheeks to hear him.

And when, at last, they turned away  
Each fair young face was wearing  
A look of stern resolve, while low  
They whispered words of daring.

If in their homes that night the girls  
Were chid for absent seeming,  
None guessed what weighty secrets filled  
The hearts unused to scheming.

'Twas midnight, and the little town  
All tranquilly lay sleeping,

When through the silence and the gloom  
Three slender forms went creeping.

Some breathless moments . . they had gained  
The flag-staff—then shone brightly  
Their keen-edged axes, while their strokes  
Fell fast and thick, if lightly.

Some words of hope and cheer they spake  
To spur their strength so slender,  
Then plied their hard, unwonted task,  
Those heroines brave as tender.

Soon louder rang their strokes and words,  
Till—tears with laughter blending—  
They saw the shapely flag-staff fall,  
Hewed, hacked, beyond all mending.

Then, for the dawn was breaking fast,  
They fled too happy-hearted  
To heed the sting of muscles strained,  
Or palms that bled and smarted.

But one turned back to gather up,  
With almost reverent manner  
And kindling look, the flag she loved—  
The striped and starry banner.

The morning sun displayed their work—  
Amazed, the early risers  
Looked on, and praised the ready thought  
That baffled all surmisers.

Fierce was the English captain's wrath,  
And bitter his reviling,  
While half the town stood grouped around,  
Nor cared to hide their smiling.

Their island held no other stick  
Of timber for his using,  
And so with merry scorn they met  
His anger and abusing.

Meanwhile the wonder grew apace,  
Till fearing now no chiding,  
And proud to hear their deed so praised,  
The girls came out of hiding.

The youthful heroines of the day,  
Their courage long was vaunted,  
While friends and kinsfolk far and near  
Their praises fondly chanted.

Alas for fame! their very names  
Have mouldered past retracing—  
The time-worn record notes their deed  
Then stops—all else effacing.

Blazoned on no historic page,  
They lack the patriot's glory,  
Unless my humble rhymes may serve  
To keep alive their story.

## ONE SOUL.

BY REV. C. J. JONES.

One soul, yes, *your soul*, dear reader, is of more value than a thousand worlds. They might be dashed in pieces, by some dread convulsion of nature, and He, who created the universe with a word, could, with a word, gather the scattered fragments and repair the disaster. But your soul once lost, finally lost, once driven "from the presence of God and from the glory of His power," can never be restored, not for want of power on God's part, but because the holy nature of God and his truth forbids it. Once lost did I say? It is lost now lost, "condemned already," unless it has been ransomed by the blood of Christ. Have you considered the danger in which you are now placed by sin? Do you *feel*, do you *see* your peril? The peril of your immortal soul? Sin is the soul's destroyer. But Christ is the Saviour of the soul from sin. "He came to seek and to save that which was lost." Yet, how many,—perhaps yourself among them,—recklessly, thoughtlessly, plunge headlong to ruin, taking no heed of the danger, and having no desire for safety; having sold themselves to sin and asking no redemption!

Are you of that number? Nay! Do not turn angrily away from this question as from that which concerns you not. Do not despise the affectionate sympathy that prompts it. Do not, I entreat you, undervalue its importance. Do not deem it an impertinence, that another should be interested in that which you have hitherto disregarded.

God, in His blessed word, declares that "There is joy in heaven—joy in the presence of the angels of God—over one sinner that re-

penteth." (Luke, xv: 7, 10.) This will show you what estimate is placed on one precious soul by those who know its real value.

God, the Father, is interested in its salvation. He who rules in Heaven and on earth. He who can speak worlds into being, makes a sacrifice of His best beloved to secure the safety of the sinner's soul. "*God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*" (John, iii: 16.) Hence, "*if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: and he is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the whole world.*" (1, John, ii: 1, 2.) Is it not strange then, that the sinner, who has all to loose, and nothing to gain by his conduct, should despise the long suffering and compassion of God, and imperil his immortal soul? God, the Son, is interested in its salvation. He valued it so highly, that he left the glories of heaven and took upon him the (sinless) infirmities of our nature in order that he might pour out his own heart's blood to save it. "*He saw the sinner destroying himself, and He flew to save. He saw that there was no man, and wondered that there was no intercessor: therefore his arm brought salvation unto him, and his righteousness, it sustained him.*" (Isa. lix: 16.)

"This was compassion like a God,  
That when the Saviour knew  
The price of pardon was his blood,  
His pity ne'er withdrew."

God, the Holy Spirit, is interested in the soul's salvation. He communes with the soul direct, often, and suggests such thoughts



as make the soul dissatisfied with itself. Shows it the emptiness and vanity of the world; and creates within it holy desires for lasting joy and peace.

Angels above and saints below watch for souls. Souls are the current coin of Heaven. Heaven knows no wealth like souls. Rubies and sapphires and fine gold are valueless beside, or compared with souls. Good men seek to save, and devils to destroy souls. How precious, how valuable then, dear reader, must your soul, *your one soul*, be, seeing that three worlds have entered into a struggle for its possession. Hell, this world and Heaven all desire it. The world seeks to fascinate and allure it to its destruction; Hell beneath is sensitively alive to secure its ruin; (Isa. xiv: 9, 10,) and Heaven stretches out both its hands to save it from self-sought perdition. Are you, can you be content to remain unconcerned, while such mighty forces are enlisted in its behalf? Can you, under such circumstances, go on in sin? Will you brave the wrath of God and invoke his curse? O think of your great rashness! Christ died to save your soul, and are you unmoved? All nature seemed to melt at the death of the Son of God! The sun was shrouded in mourning, and refused to look upon the scene. The heavens frowned above, the earth quaked beneath, the rocks were rent asunder; and shall your heart, harder than they, remain unbroken? Will you not yield your opposition? Submit your will to God, that there may be "joy in the presence of the angels of God."

There are strong cords of sympathy binding this world of ours to the kingdom above. Angels are interested, though man be careless. How would those sympathies have been aroused had they but the assurance that "the angels

who kept not their first estate" could be blest with the offer of Redemption! But, God passed by angels, and saved man. The unfallen angels have ever had an interest in the welfare of our fallen race. "*The morning stars sang together*" at the creation, and "*all the sons of God shouted for joy.*" Eden acknowledged their visitation. The early ages bear witness to their interest in the things which pertain to the salvation of men. Their ministrations were acknowledged by the Patriarchs, an angel saved the life of Ishmael and of Isaac. Angels foretold the fate of Sodom, delivered righteous Lot, saved the first born of Israel, guided the people through the wilderness, aided Joshua in the conquest of Canaan, destroyed the armies of the Assyrian, fed Elijah, protected Daniel in the den of lions, and foretold to Zachariah the future prosperity of the church of God.—Angels announced the birth of the Baptist and of the Christ, whose advent they heralded with songs of joy. Angels ministered to Christ in his temptation in the wilderness and in his agony in the garden. Angels rolled away the stone from the sepulchre of our Lord, comforted the mourning women when Christ arose from the dead, and the astonished disciples when the "cloud received him out of their sight." Angels delivered Peter from prison, and assured the centurion of Cesarea of the acceptance of his prayers. "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" (Heb., i: 14.)

Now, my dear friend, are you not ashamed that you regard so lightly that which angelic beings so highly esteem? Can you account for such unconcern? Is it rational? Is it wise to slight means which are connected so closely with so important an end as the salva-

tion of the soul? One soul! In the computation of its worth, no value can be assigned to it. It is beyond all price. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or, what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Poor sinner. Your soul has been sold into bondage to sin. You serve sin. You are the slave of sin. "Sold under sin!" Can you be content with such bondage? Will you hug your chains, or will you be free? You cannot redeem yourself. You are miserably poor. You are in debt ten thousand talents and have nothing wherewith to pay. Alas! Your case is hopeless, unless another redeem you by paying the ransom price. Have you no friend to advance the means? No? Then listen, a voice rings out clear on the air of your sorrow's night. It is the voice of Jesus. "Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom." (Job., xxxiii: 24.) "The son of man came to give his life a ransom for many." (Mark, x; 45.) O sinner, heed his call;

"See in Him your sins forgiven,  
Pardon, holiness and heaven."

And all this, without money and without price. So shall there be joy in the presence of the angels of God; and your own rapt soul shall be free and full. BELIEVE IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED.

### The Old Fisherman's Story.

A little bright-faced boy had put a match to the kindling-wood of the grate, and was watching the flame as it forced its way among the crackling coal when, half in thought and half aloud, he said, "Who would think a match would make so big a fire?"

"Ah, yes, my little man!" said his father, "a little match, like other little things, may do good or great harm. A good apostle once said, 'Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.' And now, as our fire is burning, I will tell you a story about a little match, and the good that it did.

Far away, down on the shore of the Bristol Channel, stands a fisherman's small cabin. It is just far enough from the water to be out of the reach of the great waves that come rolling from the Irish Channel; and near it is a creek, or little river, in which the fisherman used to shelter his boat. At the time of my story, the man happened to have left his little cabin and gone to Tenby. It was market-day there, and, as the weather was rough and wintry, he had stayed away from home. It was desolate and dreary about that little house on the cold December day of which I am speaking. A dull, leaden sky, a cold, keen blast, sweeping up clouds of sand along the shore, the moaning of the sea-birds, and the regular beat of the waves upon the shore, formed the total of the sights and sounds on the coast that day.

A strong wind had been blowing for three days, and all who thought of the sailor at sea had prayed God to keep him from its dangers. A good brig had just made the entrance of the channel, and was beating up toward Bristol. She had a captain, mate, and six sailors for her crew. Their voyage had been a pleasant one, and was now nearly over. They were thinking of their homes and friends when the storm came on. The rigging was stiff with ice, and it was hard to handle the ropes or manage the ship. The men did their duty, as all true English sailors will do; but it was in vain.



The winds, and the waves, and the bitter cold were too strong for them, brave as they were, and carried the poor brig steadily toward the shore. Soon they heard a sound terrible to seamen; it was the noise of the breakers. The captain called all hands about him, and raised his voice in prayer. He prayed for their safety, if God so willed it, that they might have strength to meet the fierce waves, and that, if they could not be saved from shipwreck, they might be safe in the mercy of God.

The brig soon struck, and, as she lay with her side to the shore, the water for a little space was so calm that the small boat was safely launched, and every man seated in it. But, alas! before they could reach the shore a great wave struck the little boat, and the poor men were cast into the boiling sea.—Four of them, with the captain, reached the land, and, though scarcely able to move, dragged themselves forward to find shelter. They raised a shout when they came in sight of the little cabin; but, alas! there was the creek between it and them. ‘We must go through or die,’ said the captain; and after a great struggle, in their tired state, they reached the other side; but the brave captain could go no farther. ‘Leave me, my men,’ said he; ‘get help for yourselves, and then come back, if you can.’ The men gained the house, but were horrified to find it empty. One man only took heart as he looked at the fire-place and the wood near it. But, alas! there was neither flint nor steel to strike a light. A moment he stood in agony; but, as he raised his head, he saw upon the rude mantle a small box marked ‘matches.’—With trembling haste he seized it, and found a single little match! O how much depended on that lit-

tle match! Here were four sailors; a little way off lay their brave captain. All their lives depended, one might say, upon that single match. If it failed, all must die; for cold and hunger were fast doing their work upon the poor men. With a trembling hand and a slight prayer he drew the match; and, as the little feeble flame broke out, ‘Thank God!’ burst from the men.

They soon managed to make the wood catch fire; and, as the bright blaze shot up, the glare brought relief to the poor captain, who lay on the beach, too weak to crawl. The feeling that now he should be saved helped to keep him alive. When the sailors came to where he lay he was nearly gone; but they hurried him in, and gradually he revived.

Remember how much good a thing that seems so insignificant as a match can do.”—*Christian Leader*.

---

### Christ in the Cabin.

A recent *Congregationalist* mentions, in its missionary intelligence, the death of a man in Labrador. A common-place item indeed—one poor, obscure, unknown man dying, months ago, on an isolated, foreign shore. But expand that item, and it will show you how the religion of Jesus Christ can transform character, and give “dying grace,” amid outward surroundings the most wretched and dreary.

Thirty years ago, that man was a poor, ignorant boy in England. His story was that of the prodigal son. Though without any portion of goods to gather together, he went to a neighboring seaport, in search of employment or adventure. There he shipped on board a Labrador fishing-vessel, and took his journey into that far country.

It was truly a land of famine, without government or society, church or school. Instead of returning to England at the expiration of the season, he remained, and joined himself to a citizen of that country, and there he has lived, driving dogs, rowing boats, overhauling nets. When the Montreal "Mission" was established there, several years ago, he was employed for a time at the station. Under religious influences, he soon came to himself, and saw his want; but it was a struggle of years before he could give up being a "hired servant," and receive, by simple faith, the adoption of a son. But he learned the secret at last, and was joined to the little band of shoremen whose hearts God had touched. His gifts were small, his scope limited; but less was required of him than of us. *Did he do less* than we, when, one long winter, the mission being without a missionary, he conducted the prayer-meeting in the winter settlement?

It would be difficult to imagine a more desolate, comfortless place than Harry's home, in a narrow ravine, close to "the land-wash, on the outside." A small log-hut, calked with moss, roofed with fir-bark and sods; within, one room, with furniture scanty and rude; without, barren hills, rough rocks, mossy swamps. No other house was near, and few went out of their way to visit this lonely place. But in an hour when he thought not, a visitor came. Harry was found unconscious in his chair—struck by paralysis. A long autumnal storm was raging, and no travelers passed, by boat or by foot-path. His little boy was sent away for help, but none came. After a day or two, he was placed upon the floor, where he lay till his death, a week after. In an interval of consciousness, he wish-

ed to be propped up, and to have his Bible and hymn-book. He read aloud the fourteenth chapter of John: "Let not your heart be troubled." His wife sang with him:

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
Come unto Me, and rest."

and then he made a fervent prayer. Days passed, the gale continued, no one came. He sang again:

"One there is, above all others,  
Well deserves the name of Friend,"

repeated texts—and died. What a transition! From a comfortless cabin in Labrador to the prepared mansions of heaven; from poverty and loneliness and storm, to unfailing treasures; to the presence of Jesus. What marvel of compassion and blessing—the lost son received into the Father's house! The man's dying hymn was both song and prophecy:

"I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad;  
I found in Him a resting place,  
And He has made me glad!"

## A Christian's Signal at Masthead.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Many years ago we returned from Europe in a sailing-packet, and found ourselves becalmed just off Sandy Hook. Some of us grew impatient at this vexatious detention, when the captain said, "Don't be uneasy; we are signalled from the Neversink Hills, and the owners of the vessel will send down a steamer for us." Sure enough, in a few hours a small steamer, bearing the same signals with those flying at our masthead, was seen approaching us, and we were soon moving up for the Narrows and New York. They recognized us.

This little incident suggests to us the happy thought that when a be-



liever's life-voyage is over, and he approaches the harbor of eternal rest, he will only need to display his *signals*. If he only carries this motto at the masthead, "We are the Lord's," he will be recognized quickly in the offing, and the ever-watchful Lord of Glory will give him an abundant entrance into the "desired haven." God knoweth them that are his. Whether we live or whether we die, we are the Lord's. Paul felt that whether living in this world, or out of it into heaven, he was simply keeping up an unbroken heart-life with the beloved Jesus. Both on this side of the grave and on the other side of the grave he was the Lord's.

All true Christians belong to Christ; and for three good reasons. We are his by the Father's gift. "All that the Father giveth me shall come unto me." What a gift we were—poor, guilty, death-deserving sinners! But the Father gave us to Christ that he might display his love-power on us, and make us over into such cleansed and renewed disciples that he could positively delight in us! Then, too, we are the Lord's by purchase on the cross. We are not our own; we are bought with a price. Christ ransomed us with his blood. And so the happy believer sings:

"Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,  
Purchased and saved by blood divine;  
Thine would I live, thine would I die,  
Be thine through all eternity."

This is the only theory of the atonement which corresponds with the universal experience of God's people. Jesus gave himself *for* us. We in turn, drawn by his love and regenerated by the Spirit, give ourselves to him. So we became Christ's property by the Father's gift, by Christ's purchase on the cross, and by our own voluntary

surrender. When we enter Christ's Church we hoist this signal to the masthead, "We are the Lord's."

### Give Me Another Star.

It is related that a ship's captain gave his second mate charge of his vessel temporarily, telling him to steer by the north star. This mate was either utterly incapable or somewhat intoxicated, for he fell asleep, and allowed the ship to veer completely around, and drift the other way. He woke up, looked around, and found his star behind him; so he called out to the captain, "Give me another star—I've sailed clear past that one."

This seems to furnish an apt illustration of the course of certain "Free Religionists," who imagine they have transcended Christianity, and, in the craft of "reason," sailed clear past Christ Jesus as the world's divine Redeemer and Teacher of truth, and left him far astern among the mere human reformers of the earth. They seem to be saying, "Give us another star; we've sailed clear past the Star of Bethlehem."

But their thought is a delusive one. Inflated with the sort of knowledge that "puffeth up," intoxicated with overweening self-conceit, having their foolish hearts hardened, they have allowed the contrary winds of man's shifting doctrine to influence their course. Their poorly steered vessel has swung around, and is drifting, unpiloted, the other way, apart from God's love, toward the barren, sunless reefs of sheer speculation, falsely called science, or toward cold "natural" laws of the universe, where the turbulent waves of doubt dash against the pitiless rocks of despair.

It is vain to ask for another star

to follow, save Christ "the bright and morning Star," unless one choose to be guided by the transient-burning meteors, the falling stars that seek the earth and grow dark and cold. If any think they have sailed their little bark clear past the guiding light of Christ, it is manifestly because they have drank from the golden cup full of the world's sorceries, or else, waxing gross of heart, they have shunned to take up their cross daily and follow Jesus.

Christ can never be transcended; for as the polar star shines on forever, clear, serene, steadfast, in the high, pure heavens, so the true, eternal Light of life shines from the face of Him who is the brightness of the Father's glory, who in the beginning was the Word, who was with God and was God, who abides ever unchangeable, "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."—*A. G. Hagerman.*

---

### Handling Edge Tools.

BY REV. B. F. MILLARD.

God leads by a way that we know not, and the path that seems descending sharply to ruin, often terminates at the narrow gate.

Some years ago the son of a wealthy Holland merchant, residing in a small town near Amsterdam, was sent to Leyden University, where he drifted into open infidelity.

After graduating, he returned to his home, and entered his father's store. He became now an apostle of Atheism. The social position of his family gave him entrance into every house, and he would often go on Sunday to the residence of some Church member, whom on his return from service he would try and shame out of his "superstition." He had fine abil-

ities, his manner was sarcastic, and he was expert at that sharpest weapon of infidelity—ridicule, and more than one seat in the village church was deserted.

His godly parents were bowed with grief over their son's apostasy. Once indeed hope was rekindled. He had gone off on a hunting excursion, and was sleeping at night at a farmhouse, where he was aroused by a servant of his father, who had come with the carriage to take him to the bedside of a darling sister, now at the point of death.

Obtaining a horse he rode at full speed through a driving storm to his father's house, only to be prostrated himself by the same fever. While his life was flickering in the socket, he was induced to join his poor parents in their cries for mercy on his soul; but after his recovery, relapsed into his old sentiments.

The tears of his mother at length became so irksome that he resolved to come to America. Finding he could not dissuade him, his father furnished him with money, and saw him, whom the recent death of two daughters had left now an only child, turn his back on the empty home and embark on a ship bound for South America.

After several years of various adventure, he found his way to New York. One chapter of his fortunes had been as steward of an ocean steamer, and this sprinkling of salt water took him to a sailor-boarding-house, in Oak Street, kept by a countryman of his, who with his wife, is a member of the Church of the New York Port Society.

One day, a sailor who had recently been converted, came to the landlady with a verse of Scripture which he wished explained. Knowing the scholarship of her young



countryman, whose history I am giving, she took the verse to him. He promptly said he could not only explain the verse, but could *preach a sermon*, and at once took a text and began a discourse. The sailor inmates of the house flocked in and filled the room, evidently enjoying the performance. But he had chosen too sharp a text for such rude handling, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God," and it at length pierced the mock preacher to the heart.

He suddenly stopped, threw the Bible across the room, and left the house. As he walked towards a public garden, a voice seemed to ring in his ears, "You have only to believe, to be saved yourself."

He sought in vain to shake off the impression. The same sentence seemed to ring in his ears with the regularity of a pendulum's stroke. At length he came to the Water Street Mission of the Port Society, and arose with others for prayers. He now entered a period of struggle vibrating between his old infidelity and his new faith, seeking rest but finding none.

His health meantime gave way, and he came so near the borders of despair, that he resolved one day that if he did not find peace before night, he would end his agony by suicide. He now plead the promises as he had never plead them before, "*Lord, thou hast promised ; I take thee at thy word,*" and suddenly a strange peace filled his soul. Old things passed away, and all things became new.

A few days since he brought me a letter he had just received from his father, who asks with trembling eagerness that he will get some clergyman to confirm the fact of his conversion, a fact which

even to the parents who have prayed for it daily through long years, seems now but little short of a miracle. It was my privilege to write a letter, now on its way across the ocean, which will assure this father that the son who was dead is alive again. A few Sabbaths ago he stood up in the broad aisle of the Mariner's church to enter into covenant with the people of God, laying his young life with all its culture on the altar of him whom once he persecuted.—*Evangelist.*

---

### The Seamen's Missionary Society.

The thirty-first anniversary of the Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Seamen, was celebrated at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Avenue and Forty-Fifth Street. After the regular evening services, the annual report of the Board of Managers, describing the work of the past year, was read. The Society maintains three stations, under the supervision of three missionaries, assisted by two colporteurs. The first of these stations, the "Floating Church of Our Saviour," at the foot of Pike Street, East River, with its Mission House, at No. 34 Pike Street, is under the care of Rev. Robert J. Walker, and has received, during the past year, the largest attendance of any since its erection. On the first Sunday in Lent, the Bishop of the diocese, Right Rev. Horatio Potter, D. D., administered the rite of Confirmation at this chapel to twenty persons, ten of whom were seamen, and among them were natives of not less than four of the countries of Europe, besides some of the West India Islands, and other parts of the world, as well as our own countrymen. This mission

has also under its supervision, a Sunday-school, and a reading-room for sailors in port—week-day evening services and temperance meetings being regularly held every Wednesday, in the Mission House. The New Sailors' Home, in Franklin Square, serving the triple purpose of church, home, and hospital, at present under the charge of Mr. Rode, has for many years been an important branch of the Society's work. The second station, the North River chapel, known as the "Church of the Holy Comforter," is under the supervision of Rev. Henry Floy Roberts, assisted by a colporteur. During the year, the aggregate number of seamen and boatmen attending the services were 2,243, and the number to whom books and tracts were given amounted to 1,598. The third station of the society is at Coenties Slip, and the Mission-room, No 22 South Street, under the direction of Rev. Isaac Maguire. The permanent fund of the Society has received additions from the estate of the late Mrs. Mary E. C. Vanhorne, balance of legacy, \$2,246.49, and \$5,000 from the estate of the late George Merritt. With this fund it is proposed to provide a permanent residence for the Coenties Slip station, with reading-rooms and homes for the missionaries. During the year the managers have received grants of books and tracts from the following societies: The New York Bible and Common Prayer Book, the Church Book, the Protestant Episcopal Tract, the Evangelical Knowledge, the American Bible, and the American Tract Societies, and the Society for the Promotion of Religion and Learning. After the report was read, the anniversary sermon was preached by Rev. R. V. M. Johnson, D. D., Rector of St. Mary's Church in Brooklyn.

## Comfort.

The great aim of the mass of mankind is to get enough money ahead to make them "comfortable;" and yet a moment's reflection will convince us that money will never purchase "comfort," only the means of it. A man may be "comfortable" without a dollar, but to be so he must have the right disposition, that is, a heart and a head in the right place. There are some persons who are lively and cheerful and good-natured, kind and forbearing in a state of poverty, which leans upon the toil of to-day for to-night's supper and the morning's breakfast. Such a disposition would exhibit the same loving qualities in a palace or on a throne.

Every day we meet with persons who in their families are cross, ill-natured, dissatisfied, finding fault with everybody and everything, whose first greeting in the breakfast room is a complaint, whose conversation seldom fails to end in an enumeration of difficulties and hardships, whose last word at night is an angry growl. If you can get such persons to reason on the subject, they will acknowledge that there is some "want" at the bottom of it; the "want" of a better house, a finer dress, a more handsome equipage, a more dutiful child, a more provident husband, a more cleanly, or systematic, or domestic wife. At one time it is a "wretched cook" which stands between them and the sun; or a lazy house-servant, or an impertinent carriage-driver. The want of more money than Providence has thought proper to bestow will be found to embrace all these things. Such persons may feel assured that *people who cannot make themselves really comfortable in any one set of ordinary circumstances, would not*



*be so under any other.* A man who has a canker eating out his heart will carry it with him wherever he goes; and if it be a spiritual canker, whether of envy, habitual discontent, unbridled ill-nature, it would go with the gold and rust out all its brightness. Whatever a man is to-day with a last dollar, he will be radically, essentially, to-morrow with a million, unless the heart is changed. Stop, reader, that is not the whole truth, for the whole truth has something of the terrible in it. Whatever of an undesirable disposition a man has to-day, without money, he will have to-morrow to an exaggerated extent, unless the heart be changed; the miser will become more miserly; the drunkard, more drunken; the debauchee, more debauched; the fretful, still more complaining.—Hence, the striking wisdom of the Scripture injunction, that all our ambitions should begin with this: “Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness;” that is to say, that if you are not comfortable, not happy now under the circumstances which surround you, and wish to be more comfortable, more happy, your first step should be to seek a change of heart, of disposition, and then the other things will follow — *without the greater wealth!* And having the moral comfort, bodily comfort, bodily health will follow apace, to the extent of your using rational means. Bodily comfort, or health, and mental comfort have on one another the most powerful reactions; neither can be perfect without the other, at last, approximates to it; in short, *cultivate health and a good heart*; for with these you may be “comfortable” without a farthing; without them, never! although you may possess millions.—*Hall's Journal.*

## Are You a Helper?

“Poor old fellow! he can hardly get along; let's lend him a hand.” And so the boys did. And the old man, with the help of the two lads, soon got his truck to the top of the hill, and then it was easy work after that.

Are you a helper? Are there any who are the better for you? Any whose load you lighten, any to whom you are a comfort? Are you trying to lead any to God? We cannot tell what power our words may have. But one day we shall know. And if we are faithful we may find many souls won, to shine as stars in our crown of rejoicing, who might have been lost if we had spoken no word for Jesus.

If you are not a helper are you hindering? Does your course of life give pain to any heart? Does your example lead any to sin? Do those who are laboring for Christ find you a hindrance?

Learn from these boys. Help, and do not hinder. Help the poor, the old, the ignorant, the ungodly—help all you can. Try to do good for Christ's sake.

Yes, for Christ's sake. That is the true motive. They who feel what Jesus has done for them are the best helpers. He went about doing good. He died to save sinners. May you be led by the Holy Spirit to be a helper for His sake.

---

## Filling our Sphere.

They tell in Europe the story of a poor man who was confined for many years in a cold, dark dungeon. There was but one aperture in the wall, and through that the sunbeams came for but a few minutes daily, making a bright spot on the opposite side of the cell. Often and often the lonely man looked upon that little patch of sunshine, and at length a purpose to improve it grew within his soul. Groping on the floor of his cell, he found a nail and a stone, and with these rude implements he set to work on the white portion of the wall

for the few minutes of every day during which it was illuminated, until at length he succeeded in bringing out upon it a rude sculpture of Christ upon the cross. Let us imitate that prisoner. Circumscribed may be our sphere; dark, indeed, may be our lot; yet, if we love the Lord, and pray to him, and look for his direction; we shall soon discover some tiny

chink through which the sunshine of his guiding providence shall come! On the spot where its directing light shall fall, let us, with such means as we can command, hew out, not in cold stone, but in living love, the likeness of the sacrifice of Christ. So shall we find our special sphere, and fill it to the commendation of the Master.—*W. M. Taylor, D. D.*

## OUR WORK:

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

### Sweden.

HELSINGBORG.

Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT has duly reported his work at this place, and at Raa, and informs us that at Wicken, one and a half Swedish miles northwest from Helsingborg, and at Torekow, four Swedish miles northwest from Helsingborg, they are about to build mission or preaching houses. At Malmo, eight Swedish miles northwest from Helsingborg, in April, he met hundreds of sailors on board their vessels, and most of them listened to his preaching with thankfulness. A pious engineer, on a Swedish steamer, was found to be a devoted laborer for the kingdom of God, among his companions.

GEFLE AND SANSTA.

Mr. E. ERICKSSON, reporting for the first quarter of the year, said: "The Lord is working in a wonderful manner in our country, and not least, in Gefle. Many people listen to the preached word, and many have been caught in the net of the gospel. But the work of the LORD seems to have been most blest among the children in the Sunday-school. These have had several weekly prayer-meetings, and some have received peace in believing in Jesus."

He describes revival work consequent upon protracted preaching of the word, at Delarne, near the lake Barken, and on Stromsholm's Canal;—giving several narrations of the conversion of individuals,

and closes thus: "Some of the members of the State Church have done much to prevent our labor, but this seems to have been more to the progress of the gospel. Here is a true work of the Holy Ghost upon many hearts, and I trust that the LORD hath much people here."

WARBERG AND WEDIGE.

In the early part of the current year, Mr. C. CARLSSON had great success in preaching the gospel to numbers of sailors and fishermen; and the spirit of inquiry after peace with God through the blood of an atoning Saviour, was widespread and powerful among them—twenty persons, one after another, having, at times, prayed to the Lord Jesus, in his meetings, and many having offered thanks to God for the forgiveness of their sins. The calls for his preaching labor continued to multiply at last advices.

BUTLE, WISBY, GOTHLAND.

The severity of the weather during the past winter, prevented any journeying by old JOHN LINDELIUS, but he employed his time, so far as health permitted, in religious labor from house to house, and in the Methodist chapel, with seafarers and their families.

STOCKHOLM.

Rev. A. M. LJUNGBERG is passing through his twenty-eighth year of labor for seamen in his native country. He reports that at Aluna and Ekeby, at Yoruna (Thumba,) and Berga, he was blest in



evangelistic labor, visiting in all, in March and April, 29 Swedish, 1 French, 14 Findlandish, 7 German, 29 Norwegian, 3 Danish, 7 Dutch, and 10 English vessels.

---

## Denmark.

COPENHAGEN.

Rev. P. E. RYDING writes of his labors since January 1st, 1875. At first they were on the island of Bornholm, and he describes with great unction, the crowded New Years' religious meeting held from 2 P. M. until late in the evening, at which "brave seamen" praised the LORD, with great joy, for having graciously brought them through all dangers on the waters. The observance of "common prayer meeting week" followed, and every evening many petitions ascended to the Throne of Grace. Here, too, seamen mingled in the exercises, and testified for CHRIST. The three Sunday-schools have been blessed, the Holy Spirit having wrought in the hearts of the children. Some of the older boys have left the schools to go to sea. He speaks of the deaths of three or four of the christian laborers upon whom he has been accustomed to rely, notably of that of a young woman, a Sunday-school teacher in Rönne. In March, he was at Ystad and Malmo, then at Copenhagen and on Amager.

During the year ending 31st March, he preached 122 sermons, visited 1,021 vessels, attended 36 prayer-meetings, visited 413 families, distributed 168 Bibles, and 128 Testaments, 187 religious pamphlets, and 8,510 English, German, Fin, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, and Russian tracts.

---

## Belgium.

ANTWERP.

We received an interesting record not long since from Rev. E. W. MATTHEWS, then Chaplain at this port, in which he detailed the experience of a week's labor. On his way from London, where he was

successful in raising £340 for the new Sailors' Church and Institute at Antwerp, he arranged with the captain of the steamer for services on his vessel every Friday evening when it should be in Antwerp. His Sunday services, following, were greatly blessed, and the power of the LORD was present to heal. Many of the congregation lifted up their voices and wept at the latter part of the services, as the Chaplain discoursed upon the prodigal coming back to his father, and one poor sailor's wife said she gave herself to JESUS.

On *Monday*, he was actively at work, visiting ships. At the evening meeting one fine young sailor from Aberdeen, Scotland, gave himself to CHRIST. "I had seen him," says Mr. MATTHEWS, "previously on board a steamer, and I must say his conversion was most beautiful. At this same meeting, a first officer of one of our Mediterranean steamers was under the power and guidance of the Spirit, and I fully believe this same good Spirit will perfect the work in his soul. Others were also deeply moved, and altogether I was much encouraged."

"*Tuesday evening*.—I went with a message from God to two sailors' wives. So strong was the conviction that I must try and rescue these two women from ruin and death, that though weary and at home for the night, I left to speak to them. What may be the final result of my visit, I cannot now say, but of this I am sure, God sent and was with me.

"*Wednesday evening*.—I held a temperance meeting, and many sailors were at the Reading-Rooms. Religious conversation was a part of our evening work.

"*Thursday evening*.—Our monthly entertainment by the ladies and gentlemen of the city was given. Both rooms were full. Captains, officers and men were present. Sailors enjoy good music, good singing, and such a good social meeting as ours was.

"*Friday evening*.—I preached on board the steamship *Earl of Aberdeen*.

Her big saloon was full, chiefly of sailors. The Captain assisted in the service, and it was all the more interesting as we sang Sankey's hymns, now so popular, and so blessed in England." Mr. MATTHEWS had aided at Mr. Moody's great meetings, while on his London visit.

---

### Havre, France.

Rev. H. ROGERS, who had been on a short visit to London for domestic reasons, writes us: "I had the privilege, while in London of attending two of the services of Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY. Truly it is astonishing to witness the crowded assemblies that are gathered night after night, and during the day as well, to listen to his heart searching appeals. Much good is being accomplished in the awakening of the careless, but more, I think, is done, in rousing the energies of slothful Christians, and especially in stimulating the pastors. Indeed, I found it so, and returned to my work with humbled and chastened feelings. I trust the good influence is spreading wider. Some seamen from Liverpool who had attended the services there, are helping us, here, introducing some of the Gospel songs. We fervently hope some droppings of the heavenly shower are falling "even upon us."

---

### Genoa, Italy.

Rev. DONALD MILLER has secured a fine site for mission premises, and hopes to begin building very soon. "I wonder," he adds, "if any money help is to come from America."

---

### Japan.

YOKOHAMA.

A CONVERTED SAILOR BOY—CAPTAIN MADE A CHRISTIAN.—Mr. AUSTEN, Colporteur, writing June 10th, says, "Since I wrote you last, a boy seventeen years of age, has been brought to the General Hospital, with a broken leg. The ship to which he had belonged, met with a gale outside, and in bracing up the

yards, his foot caught in the running coil, and his fall fractured the limb. I soon found an opportunity of talking with him about Jesus, and found that he had a praying mother at home. But his life on shipboard, had, as in the cases of thousands of others placed in similar circumstances, been the means of burying, if not obliterating all his home teachings. I am thankful to say, however, that he is now rejoicing in a new found Saviour, and is very happy. In the Hospital, he is a bright and shining light, and helps me very much, in my meetings. The patients all take their books and tracts after they have finished reading them, to him, and it is a pleasure to see his happy face when he gives them to me—happy because though sick, he feels he is able to do something for Jesus. —Another interesting case is that of the Captain of a small steamer lying here, who has come out boldly on the LORD's side. I had noticed for some time, his growing interest in good things, and invited him to my room, talked and prayed with him, and finally had the happiness of hearing him give himself wholly to JESUS. He has given much proof of his sincerity, and will, I trust, be a power for good."

---

### Honolulu, S. I.

We cite from Rev. Dr. DAMON's letter, dated 28th June, 1875: "Although it is summer, our Sailors' Home is full. The crews of the burnt ship *Emerald* and the *Mattie Maclay*, repairing, are both all at the Home. Besides these, we have the men-of-war *Pensacola* and *Tuscarora* in port, with merchant vessels, so that we have seamen in abundance. Yesterday, I tried to supply all with reading matter. The whale ship *Rainbow* came into port last week, and is now off for the Arctic. A China vessel arrived two days ago.

"During the last four weeks a Chinese lay preacher has been addressing audiences assembled in the Bethel every Sabbath evening. He is an earnest man

and preaches with much force. He has succeeded in teaching some of his countrymen some of our hymns, or rather Chinese hymns set to the same tunes. It seems rather queer to hear a Chinaman singing, 'There is a Happy Land,' 'Just as I am,' 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow, etc.'"

### Temperance Among Seamen.

There is a very perceptible change for the better in the drinking habits of our sailors, within a year or so. In his admirable address at the Annual Meeting of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, Capt. Duncan made some interesting statements upon this subject. He said what surprised very many, that even the landlords found it for their advantage to keep their boarders sober, as otherwise they could not ship them.

Under the U. S. Shipping Law, which is working more and more satisfactorily, the Commissioner is forbidden by severe penalty, to ship any intoxicated person. When a man is brought to him in that state he is obliged to reject him, and the landlord must consequently go without the sailor's expected advance.

It is thus made the landlord's interest to have the sailor sober long enough at least, to get him paid off, and sober also when he wants to ship him for a new voyage.

So much is in this way gained to Temperance, that Jack is coming to realize that the Shipping Law is his friend, and that it is for his gain, to be true and virtuous. We wish we had Capt. Duncan's remarks in full for our readers.

### Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry Street.

Mr. ALEXANDER reports two hundred and five arrivals at the HOME during the month of June. These deposited with him \$3,869, of which \$1,706 were sent to relatives, \$390 placed in Savings Banks, and the balance returned to depositors. In the same time twenty men were shipped from the HOME without ad-

vance, and ten were sent to the hospital.

Everything at the HOME is moving on with satisfaction, and the meetings are as interesting as usual.

### Position of the Planets for August, 1875.

MERCURY is a morning star until the 22nd, at 37 minutes past midnight, when he is in superior conjunction with the Sun; is in conjunction with Venus on the afternoon of the 10th, at 4h. 50m., being 16' north; is in conjunction with the Moon on the 31st, at 45 minutes before noon, being 47' south.

VENUS is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 3h. 47 m., and north of east 29° 8'; is twice in conjunction with the Moon during this month, once on the morning of the 1st, at 4h. 54m., being 4° 35' south, and then again on the morning of the 30th, at 4h. 51m., being 2° 8' south.

MARS crosses the meridian on the evening of the 1st, at 8h. 42m., being then 27° 50' south of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 12th, at 2h. 59m., being 28' north. At this time he is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of 8° and 80° of south latitude.

JUPITER is an evening star, setting on the 1st, at 10h. 23m., and south of west 11° 9', is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 7th, at 6h. 35m., being 2° 45' north.

SATURN crosses the meridian on the morning of the 1st, at 1h. 9m., being then 14° 53' south of the equator; is in opposition with the Sun on the evening of the 15th, at 8h. 15m., at which time he is at his greatest brilliancy; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 16th, at 5h. 13m., being 2° 31' north.

Prof. R. H. B.

*N. Y. University.*

### Disasters in June.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the past month



is 23, of which 16 were wrecked, 2 abandoned, 3 burned, 1 sunk by collision, and 1 is reported missing. The list includes 3 ships, 3 barks, 1 brig, and 16 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$400,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *b* burned, *sc* sunk by collision, and *m* missing.

## SHIPS.

Henry Reed, *a.* from Pensacola for Hull.  
Niagara, *w.* from New York for Liverpool.  
Champlain, *w.* from New York for San Francisco.

## BARKS.

Lucy Vick, *m.* from Swansea for Boston.  
Jennie Prince, *w.* from Cardiff for Montevideo.  
Rogate, *a.* from New York for Konigsberg.

## BRIG.

Elbe, *w.* from Boston for Lunenburg, N. S.

## SCHOONERS.

Josephine, *w.* from Pascagoula for Boston.  
Hattie N. Fuller, *b.* At Union Island, Ga.  
Helen A. Bowen, *b.* do., do.  
Mary J. Yates, *w.* (Fisherman.)  
Belle of the Bay, *sc.* (Fisherman.)  
Lizzie Maul, *w.* from New York for Richmond.  
Alice Haake, *w.* from San Francisco for Nicolaesfisk.  
Victoria, *w.* from Rondout for Fall River.  
Bloomington, *w.* (Fisherman.)  
Almaretta, *w.* from New York for N. Orleans.  
J. K. Lithgow, *w.* from Boston for Ligan, C.B.  
J. H. Mansfield, *w.* (Fisherman.)  
Thos. W. Thorne, *b.* (At Thomaston.)  
Monadnock, *w.* (Fisherman.)  
Sarah Louise, *w.* (At Fish Rock, Cal.)  
Emma C. Latham, *w.* (At Cape Verde Islands.)

## Receipts for June, 1875.

## MAINE.

Bangor, John H. Kerr..... \$ 1 00  
Biddeford, 2nd Cong. church..... 9 21

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Derry, 1st Cong. church..... 28 75  
Gilsom, Cong. church..... 8 00

## MASSACHUSETTS.

Andover, Chapel church, Theological Seminary..... 51 00  
Attleboro, Ladies' Miss. Sewing Circle, to const. Mrs. N. Briggs and Wm. T. Tiffany, L. M.'s..... 60 00  
Barre, Cong. church..... 12 53  
Beverley, Dane Street church..... 31 93  
Boston, Union church..... 13 58  
Foxboro, Cong. church..... 47 00  
Hopkinton, Cong. church..... 43 29  
Lenox, Cong. church..... 15 25  
Lowell, Helen Haggerty's S. S. class, for library..... 20 00  
Newbury, 1st church and Society..... 55 56  
Newton Center, Cong. church..... 16 23  
Salem, South church, \$20 for library. For Temperance Documents..... 30 00  
Saxtonville, Rev. Mr. Jones..... 16 35  
Uxbridge, Mr. C. Ellis..... 1 00  
Watertown, Phillips church S. S., for library..... 5 00  
Wellesley, Cong. church..... 20 00  
17 77

## CONNECTICUT.

Ashford, Cong. church..... 5 00  
Cheshire, Cong. ch. S. S., for library. 20 00  
Deep River, A Friend..... 2 00  
East Lyme, Cong. church..... 6 00  
Ellington, Cong. church..... 22 58

Essex, Cong. church..... 9 23  
Guilford, 1st Cong. church, add'l..... 6 00  
Hartford, Pearl Street Cong. church. 100 00  
Higginnum, Cong. church..... 16 00  
Meriden, 1st Cong. church..... 30 67  
Center Cong. church..... 25 00  
Middle Haddam, 1st Cong. church... 3 35  
Middletown, South Cong. church... 23 35  
North Cornwall, Benevolent Asso... 20 10  
Talcottville, Cong. church, of wh. \$30, to const. Morris H. Talcott, L. M. 31 50  
Thomaston, Cong. ch. S. S., for lib'y. 20 00  
Whitneyville, Cong. church, bal. to const. J. J. Webb, L. M..... 17 69  
Woodbury, Estate Rueben J. Allen, by Geo. B. Lewis, Ex., in part... 500 00

## NEW YORK.

Bay Shore, M. E. church, add'l..... 1 10  
Bridgewater, Cong. church..... 8 00  
Brooklyn, Ref. ch., on the Heights, of wh. D. Moffat, for lib's. \$50... 270 85  
1st. Pres. church, of wh. lib'y in memorial S. Stringham How, \$15... 109 30  
Buffalo, Sidney Shephard..... 100 00  
Josiah Letchworth..... 100 00  
East Wilson, M. E. church..... 2 79  
Fairport, Bap. church S. S., for lib'y. 20 59  
Free Bap. church..... 4 17  
Lewis Brooks..... 1 00  
Harlem, M. E. church..... 18 00  
Islip, M. E. ch. S. S., bal. for lib'y... 11 10  
Jordan, M. E. church..... 9 00  
Pres. church..... 3 00  
Kingston, 1st Ref. church..... 63 31  
Lafayette, Cong. church..... 20 00  
M. E. church..... 3 05  
New York City, 13th Street Pres. ch. S. S. for libraries..... 60 00  
Capt. J. S. Mitchell, schr. M. B. Harris..... 1 00  
Estate Thomas C. Chardovoyne, by Wm. H. Cox, Jno. Bullard, Jr., and Hull Clark, Ex's..... 2500 00  
Capt. J. Haynes, brig *Queen of the Fal*..... 5 00  
William C. Rhinelander..... 100 00  
Francis Moran..... 100 00  
Charles H. Rogers..... 50 00  
Mary Bronson, for Genoa..... 50 00  
Benjamin K. Phelps..... 25 00  
R. Hoe & Co..... 25 00  
William H. Parsons & Bro..... 25 00  
Mrs. A. E. Bronson..... 20 00  
Mrs. R. Burkhalter..... 10 00  
Mrs. C. O. Halsted..... 5 00  
Perry Center, Cong. church..... 8 47  
Pompey, Pres. church..... 10 87  
Disciples church..... 2 24  
Port Byron, M. E. church..... 4 27  
Bap. church..... 2 46  
Pulaski, Bap. church..... 2 43  
M. E. church..... 7 00  
Rochester, Brick Pres. church..... 125 00  
Sing Sing, 1st Pres. church..... 38 85  
Weedsport, Pres. ch. S. S., for lib'y.. 20 00  
A Friend..... 1 97  
Wilson, Pres. church..... 5 44  
Bap. church..... 6 68  
Winfield, Pres. church..... 8 00  
Wolcott, M. E. church..... 3 48

## NEW JERSEY.

Newark, Roseville Pres. ch., for lib'y. 20 00  
2nd Pres. church, add'l..... 14 56  
Plainfield, Eva Hart..... 20 00

## MICHIGAN.

Detroit, 1st Cong. church..... 41 69

## KANSAS.

Wyandotte, Lucy B. Perry..... 2 00

\$5,431 89



Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecc. 11:1.

## LIBRARY REPORTS.

WHOLE NUMBER OF LIBRARIES SENT TO SEA, TO MAY, 1ST, 1875, 5,233; RESHIPMENTS OF SAME, 3,772; NO. OF VOLS., 233,652; ACCESSIBLE TO 212,906 SEAMEN.

During June, 1875, sixty-six libraries, (twenty-five new and forty-one refitted) were sent to sea, from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 4,632, 4,634-4,639, inclusive, at Boston; and Nos. 5,609-5,626, inclusive, at New York. The list is as follows:

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
4632..S. S., Phillips ch., Watertown, Mass...		Three-masted schr. Henry Newell.....	Mobile.....	9
4634..S. S., Cong. church, Thomaston, Conn., the O. B. Sawyer Memorial library.....		Bark John Shepherd....	Australia .....	13
4635..Miss H. Haggerty's S. S. class, Lowell, Mass.....		Bark Sparta.....	Whaling.....	28
4636..South church, Salem, Mass.....		Three-masted schr. Geo. V. Jordan.....	South America....	12
4637..Milford E. and Clinton E. Bliss, Attleboro, Mass.....		Schr. Cordova.....	Grand Banks.....	10
4638..Miss E. Rich's S. S. class, Wakefield, Mass.....		Brig Madala.....	Barbadoes.....	8
4639..S. S., Cong. church, Berkely, Mass....		Schr. Belle Barton.....	West Indies.....	7
5609..S. S., Pres. church, Warsaw, N. Y.....		Ship Gov. Morton.....	San Francisco....	27
5610..Pres. church, (Roseville) Newark, N. J.		Ship Lathley Rich.....	Yokohama.....	26
5611..1st Cong. Bible school, Detroit, Mich..		Bark Ella Vose.....	Callao.....	15
5612..Mrs. A. D. Wilson, New York City....		Bark Ibis.....	Galveston.....	10
5613..M. E. church, Rome, N. Y.....		Ship Mary Goodell....	Java.....	17
5614..S. S., Pearl St. Cong. ch., Hartford, Ct.		Bark American Eagle..	Rio de Janiero....	10
5615..Do., do., do., do.		Ship Hope.....	Yokohama.....	16
5616..S. S., Bap. church, Fairport, N. Y.....		Ship Carrollton.....	San Francisco....	25
5617..S. S., Cong. church, Churchville, N. Y.		Brig Waubun.....	Machias.....	12
5618..S. S., Cong. church, E. Bloomfield, N. Y.		Ship Voyager.....	San Francisco....	27
5619..S. S., Free Meth. ch., No. Parma, N. Y.		Ship Golden State.....	Shanghai.....	26
5620..S. S., Cong. church, Plainville, Conn...		Brig Dirigo.....	Belfast.....	8
5621..S. S., Cong. church, Smyrna, N. Y.....		Bark Liberia.....	Liberia.....	29
5622..“Puss,” Brooklyn, N. Y.....		Brig A. J. Pettingell...	Mediterranean... 12	
5623..S. S., 13th Street Pres. ch., New York..		Bark Adolf Engler.....	Genoa.....	12
5624..Do., do., do., do.		Ship Hamilton Fish....	San Francisco....	30
5625..Do., do., do., do.		Bark Lizzie Fox.....	New Zealand.....	12
5626..B. W. How, in memoriam S. Stringham How, Brooklyn, N. Y.....		Brig Golconda.....	Europe.....	10

The new library 4,627, reported in the LIFE BOAT in July, 1875, should have been entered as furnished by *Mrs. R. E. Hayes, Haverhill, Mass.*

*The forty-one libraries refitted and re-shipped were :*

No. 892, on brig *Wesley and Seymour*, for London; No. 922, on schr. *Silver Spray*, for St. Domingo; No. 1,367, on brig *Starlight*, for Demerara; No. 1,654, on schr. *Village Bell*, for Jamaica; No. 2,412, on brig *H. Trowbridge*, for Porto Rico; No. 2,425, on schr. *F. S. Richardson*, for Pensacola; No. 2,456, on bark *Volunteer*, for Europe; No. 2,467, on brig *Mary Bartlett*, for Cuba; No. 2,754, on brig *E. Dean*, for St. Kitts; No. 2,837, on brig *Thetis*, for Curacao; No. 2,978, on schr. *Early Bird*, for St. Augustine; No. 3,064, on schr. *E. Genet*, for Nassau; No. 3,085, on brig *Speed*, for Montevideo; No. 3,110, books read with interest, gone to St. Johns, on schr. *Etta*; No. 3,237, on schr. *J. Wentworth*, for Martinique; No. 3,305, on brig *S. J. Strout*, for Cardenas; No. 3,361, read with good results, gone to Europe, on brig *Shasta*; No. 3,676, on brig *Black Swan*, for Porto Rico; No. 3,763, on schr. *Racehorse*, for Aux Cayes; No. 3,978, on brig *Bonito*, for Europe; No. 3,988, read and prized, gone to Charleston, on schr. *A. K. Bentley*; No. 4,135, on schr. *Carabian*, for Spanish Main; No. 4,260, on brig *Lady Mary*, for West Indies; No. 4,287, on brig *Tropic Bird*, for Havana; No. 4,543, on brig *Orloff*, for St. Johns; No. 4,566, on brig *J. Brightman*, for Havana; No. 4,720, on brig *Martha*, for Mobile; No. 4,795, read with interest, gone to Europe, on bark *Alaska*, No. 4,953, read with profit, gone to Key West, on schr. *Tannhauser*; No. 4,959, good done, gone to Lisbon, on brig *Kossack*; No. 4,967, on schr. *F. Shay*, for Charleston; No. 5,250, on brig *Fairfield*, for Rosario; No. 5,258, much read and prized, gone to St. Jago, on brig *L. H. Cole*; No. 5,326, on brig *T. H. Todd*, for Rio; No. 5,361, read with good results, gone to West Indies, on brig *Salista*; No. 5,582, on brig *Gambia*, for Savannah.

No. 3,037, has returned from its fifth voyage in good condition and gone to West Indies, on brig *Sarah M. Loring*; No. 3,099, has been heard from at Pensacola—the books were read with interest; No. 3,811, returned from South America on brig *Marshall Dutch*, has been much used by captain's wife and crew, and has been very useful—is gone to Light Ship, off Nantucket, nine men on board.

No. 3,939, returned from West Indies, having been transferred from brig *L. I. Stockton*; books much read, gone to Rio, on bark *Nineveh*, Capt. Wyman, twelve men.

#### A CAPTAIN CONVERTED.

No. 3,867,\* has been returned to Boston, in good condition. The captain's wife reports that "words could not express the benefit conferred by the library. It had been wonderfully blest to the captain, having led him to a change in his religious views. All the crew have been greatly interested in reading the books."

\* Contributed by Mrs. Lucinda Weston, Dalton, Mass., in 1871.

#### THE BOOKS TAKE THE PLACE OF A MEETING.

No. 4,637, heard from,—“it has been very much liked indeed.” The books take the place of a meeting with us, all take good care of them. From a poor laborer in the Master's cause. I. E. I.

“P. S. Reading has taken the place of cards on our vessel.”

#### CONVERSIONS FROM AN ABERDEEN LIBRARY.

No. 5,090, Aberdeen Library, went to sea on schr. *J. M. Bartlett*, care of Wm. E. Baker, 1st Mate. The books were read with great interest by the captain, and this led to his conversion. Afterwards, his wife, through his influence, became interested in reading the same books, and also became a christian. The library is still on board the vessel.



## AN ENGLISH CAPTAIN TESTIFIES.

J. HAYNES, late master of the British ship *Queen of the Fal*, writing us from Porthleven, Wales, June 7th, 1875, of No. 4,262, contributed by S. S., Ref. church, Port Ewen, N. Y., in 1872, which was on that vessel, says: "Your books were read and very much valued by myself and crew, and I should always like to have an American Library on board. The greatest care was taken of them."

## SEAMEN STEADILY IMPROVING.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 24, 1875.

*American Seamen's Friend Society, New York.*

*My dear Sirs,*—I beg to convey to you, even at this rather late day, the thanks of our late ship's company, for the books\* and various reading matter furnished the ship, at New York, for the benefit of us all.

All put on board were read by the greater portion of the crew, and the fact that these men were the best, for so large a number, that I ever had on shipboard, goes to show the good influence such reading has upon the sailor.

More than one of our men, young and noble in bearing and behavior, expressed his determination to save his money and return to the beloved home, after years of absence, to again see father and mother, sister and brothers, who have not known whether these sailors, sons and brothers, were among the dead or living, these many months or years.

There does seem to be an improvement in the condition of seamen, of late, both at sea and on shore. And may the sailors' friends be encouraged! The future is full of hope for this class of men, so little known among their own kindred and friends at home.

Respectfully yours,

E. R. YORK, *Captain*

*Ship St. John Smith.*

\*Loan Library 5,054, contributed by the Countess of Aberdeen, Scotland.

## How Quarrels Begin.

"I wish that pony was mine," said a little boy, who stood at a window looking down the road.

"What would you do with him?" asked his brother.

"Ride him; that's what I'd do."

"All day long?"

"Yes, from morning till night."

"You'd have to let me ride him sometimes," said the brother.

"Why would I? You'd have no right in him if he was mine."

"Father would make you let me have him part of the time."

"No, he wouldn't!"

"My children," said the mother, who had been listening, and now saw that they were beginning to get angry with each other, "let me tell you of a quarrel that happened between two boys no bigger nor older than you are, that I read about the other day. They were going along the road talking together in a pleasant way, when one of them said:

"'I wish I had all the pasture-land in the world.'

"The other said, 'And I wish I had all the cattle in the world.'

"'What would you do then?' asked his friend.

"'Why, I would turn them into your pasture-land.'

"'No, you wouldn't,' was the reply.

"'Yes, I would.'

"'But I wouldn't let you.'

"'I wouldn't ask you.'

"'You shouldn't do it.'

"'I should.'

"'You sha'n't.'

"'I will;' and with that they seized and pounded each other like two silly, wicked boys, as they were."

The children laughed, but their mother said:

"'You see in what trifles quarrels often begin. Were you any wiser than these boys in your half angry talk about an imaginary pony? If I had not been here, who knows but you might have been as silly and wicked as they were,'"

## The Good Ship "Never-Fail."

"Why don't you launch your boat, my boy?"

I asked the other day,  
As strolling idly on the beach  
I saw my lads at play;  
One blue-eyed rogue shook back his curls,  
And held his ship to me,  
"I'm giving her a name," he cried,  
"Before she goes to sea;  
We rigged her out so smart and taut,  
With flag and snow-white sail,  
And now I'll trust her to the waves,  
And call her 'Never-Fail.'"

The little ship sailed proudly out,  
Through mimic rock and shoal,  
The child stood watching on the beach  
His vessel reach its goal;  
The wind had risen soft at first,  
But wilder soon it blew,  
It strained and bent the slender mast,  
That still rose straight and true;  
"Yet," cried the boy, "my ship is safe,  
In spite of wind and gale,  
Her sails are strong, her sides are firm,  
Her name is 'Never-Fail.'"

And presently the wind was lulled,  
The little bark came home,  
No wreck, although her sails were wet,  
Her deck all washed with foam;  
And loudly laughed my true boy then,  
As at his feet she lay,  
And wisely spoke my true boy then,  
Although 'twas said in play—  
"Papa, I thought if mast and sail  
And tackle all were true,  
With such a name as 'Never-Fail,'  
She'd sail the wide sea through."

## The Lord God a Shield.

1. A *shield* is for defence and safeguard of the body in time of battle: God is the defence and safeguard of His people in the conflicts of life.

2. A *shield* is not only to defend and preserve one part of the body, but every part: God defends the souls of His saints in their entirety.

3. A *shield* is used to keep that part of the body that is struck at by the enemy; it is a movable piece of armor, that a skilful hand can turn this way or that way, to take the blow or arrow, according as he sees it directed against him: so God by His truth, Spirit, &c., protects His people.—*Keach*.

## Didn't Like the Wages.

"I have left my place, mother," said a poor boy when he returned from his work.

"Why have you left?" said the mother; "was your master unkind to you?"

"No, mother; he was kind enough," said the boy.

"Didn't you like the work?" asked the mother.

"It was the wages I didn't like," said the boy, solemnly. "My master wanted me to sin, and 'the wages of sin is death.'"

His master had expected him to lie about the goods, and deceive and cheat the customers; but the boy said; "No, sir, I can't do such things; I will leave your service first." And he did leave it, and he was right, too. Such boys will make mother's hearts glad, and will find that the Lord takes care of those who trust in him, and will not work for Satan nor earn the wages of sin.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

## The Serenity of Christian Faith.

An English lady observed an aged German peasant, stooping in his little patch of ground, all his earthly possession, to pick the pears which fell from its one tree, and said to him: "You must grow weary in such labor, at your time of life, so bent and burdened with infirmity." His reply was a delightful illustration of the serenity which true faith induces, for he said: "No, madam! I have been in my time God's *working* servant: He has promoted me to be His *waiting* servant: One of these days, when I fall as these pears are falling, He *will pick me up!*"

## American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, *President*.  
Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec. & Treas.*  
L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent*.  
80 Wall Street, New York.

*District Secretaries:*  
Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston.  
Rev. H. BEEBE, New Haven, Conn.



## LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

A payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member, and Thirty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; One Hundred Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, a life Director.

## FORM OF A BEQUEST.

"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should state that the testator declared this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed it at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

## SHIPS' LIBRARIES.

Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall Street, N. Y., and 13 Congregationalist House, Boston, at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman Street.

## SAVINGS BANKS FOR SEAMEN.

All respectable Savings' Banks are open to deposits from Seamen, which will be kept safely and secure regular instalments of interest. Seamen's Savings' Banks as such are established in New York, 74-6 Wall Street and 189 Cherry Street, and Boston, Tremont Street, open daily between 10 and 3 o'clock.

## SAILORS' HOMES.

LOCATION.	ESTABLISHED BY	KEEPERS.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry Street.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society.	Fred'k Alexander.
BOSTON, cor. Salem and Bennet Sts.	Boston " " "	B. F. Jacobs.
PHILADELPHIA, 422 South Front St..	Penn. " " "	Capt. J. T. Robinson.
WILMINGTON, cor. Front & Dock Sts.	Wilm. Sea. Friend Society.	Capt. W. J. Penton.
CHARLESTON, S. C.....	Charleston Port Society...	Capt. Peter Smith.
MOBILE, Ala.....	Ladies' Sea. Frnd Society.	Geo. Ernst Findeisen.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " "	"
HONOLULU, S. I.....	Honolulu " "	E. Dunscombe.

## INDEPENDENT SOCIETIES AND PRIVATE SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES

NEW YORK, 338 Pearl Street.....	Epis. Miss. Soc. for Seamen	Edward Rode.
4 Catharine Lane, (colored).....	do. ....	G. F. Thompson.
BOSTON, N. Square, Mariners House..	Boston Seamen's Aid Soc'y.	N. Hamilton.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court.....	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.....	Mr. & Mrs. H. G. O. Nye.
BALTIMORE, 65 Thames Street.....	Seamen's Union Bethel Soc.	Edward Kirby.

## MARINERS' CHURCHES.

LOCATION.	SUSTAINED BY	MINISTERS
NEW YORK, Catharine, cor. Madison.	New York Port Society....	Rev. E. D. Murphy.
cor. Water and Dover Streets.....	Mission " " "	" B. F. Millard.
Foot of Pike Street, E. R.....	Episcopal Miss. Society....	" Robt. J. Walker,
Foot of Hubert Street, N. R.....	" " " "	" H. F. Roberts.
Open air Service, Coenties Slip...	" " " "	" Isaac Maguire.
Swedish & English, pier 11, N. R.	Methodist .....	" O. G. Hedstrom.
Oliver, cor. Henry Street.....	Baptist.....	" J. L. Hodge, D. D.
Cor. Henry and Market Streets...	Sea & Land, Presbyterian..	" E. Hopper, D. D.
BROOKLYN, 8 President Street.....	Am. Sea. Friend Society... }	" E. O. Bates.
BUFFALO .....	" " " "	" O. Helland.
ALBANY, Montgomery Street.....	Methodist .....	" P. G. Cook.
BOSTON, cor. Salem & N. Bennet Sts.	Boston Sea. Friend Society	" John Miles.
North Square.....	Boston Port Society.....	" S. H. Hayes.
Cor. Commercial and Lewis Sts..	Baptist Bethel Society....	" Geo. S. Noyes.
Richmond Street.....	Episcopal.....	" H. A. Cooke,
PORTLAND, ME., Fore st. n. Custom H	Portland Sea. Frnd Soc'y..	" J. P. Robinson.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden St	Prov. Sea. Friend Society..	" F. Southworth.
NEWPORT, R. I., 51 Long Wharf...	Individual Effort.....	" J. W. Thomas.
NEW BEDFORD.....	New Bedford Port Society.	" C. H. Malcom, D.D.
PHILADELPHIA, c. Front & Union Sts.	Presbyterian.....	" J. D. Butler.
Cor. Shippen and Penn Streets...	Methodist .....	" Vincent Group.
Catharine Street.....	Episcopal.....	" William Major.
Front Street, above Navy Yard...	Baptist.....	" W. B. Erben.
BALTIMORE, cor. Alice & Anna Sts..	Seamen's Un. Bethel Soc..	" Joseph Perry.
Cor. Light and Lee Streets.....	Baltimore, S. B.....	" Francis McCartney
NORFOLK .....	American & Norfolk Sea. }	" E. K. Murphy.
WILMINGTON, N. C.....	Friend Societies	" E. N. Crane.
CHARLESTON, Church, n. Water St..	Wilmington Port Society..	" Jas. L. Kiene, Jr.
SAVANNAH .....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y...	" Wm. B. Yates.
MOBILE, Church Street, near Water.	" " " "	" Richard Webb.
NEW ORLEANS.....	" " " "	" L. H. Pease.



# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq., *President.*

CAPT. NATH'L BRIGGS, *Vice President.*

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec'y & Treas.*

L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

OBJECTS. 1.—To improve the social, moral and religious condition of seamen; to protect them from imposition and fraud; to prevent them from becoming a curse to each other and the world; to rescue them from sin and its consequences, and to SAVE THEIR SOULS. 2.—To sanctify commerce, an interest and a power in the earth, second only to religion itself, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

MEANS OF ACCOMPLISHMENT. 1.—The preaching of the Gospel by Missionaries and Chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its Chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in CHINA, JAPAN, the SANDWICH ISLANDS, CHILI, BRAZIL, FRANCE, ITALY, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, NEW BRUNSWICK, &c., and will establish others as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship-board and on shore, and to those who do business upon our inland waters, Chaplains visit the sick and dying, and as far as possible supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE and SEAMEN'S FRIEND, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications, the SEAMEN'S FRIEND, is gratuitously furnished to Chaplains and Missionaries for distribution among seamen and others. The Society also publishes the LIFE BOAT for the use of Sabbath-schools.

3.—LOAN LIBRARIES, composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between forty and fifty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews, and placed as a general thing, in the care of converted sailors, who thus become for the time, effective missionaries among their shipmates. This plan of sea-missions contemplates much more than the placing of a Christian Library on ship-board, in that, (1) It places the library in the hands of an individual who takes it for the purpose of doing good with it, and who becomes morally responsible for the use made of it, (2) It places the library in the forecabin—the sailors' own apartment. (3) It contemplates a connection between the missionary and the individual who furnishes the instrument with which he works. The donor of each library is informed, if he requests it, when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated. The whole number of libraries sent out by the Society, is 5,377 containing 220,000 volumes. Calculating frequent re-shipments, they have been accessible to probably 250,000 men. Over eight hundred hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. This work may be and should be greatly extended. More than 20,000 American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of SAILORS' HOMES, READING ROOMS, SAVINGS' BANKS, the distribution of BIBLES, TRACTS, &c.

The SAILORS' HOME, 190 Cherry St., New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, since which time it has accommodated over 86,000 boarders. This one institution has saved to seamen and their relatives, \$1,500,000. The moral and religious influence on the seamen sheltered there, can not be estimated. More or less shipwrecked seamen are constantly provided for at the Home. A Missionary of the Society is in daily attendance, and religious meetings are held on week day evenings. Similar institutions exist, in other cities, under the care of auxiliary Societies.

NOTE.—Twenty dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-school, will send a Library to sea, in the name of the donor. The SAILORS' MAGAZINE is, when asked for, sent gratuitously to Pastors, who take a yearly collection for the cause, and to Life-Members and Directors, upon an annual request for the same.